By ALDIS DUNBAR.

Copyright. 1901. by S. S. McClure Co. No. I've naught to tell yees the day, so out o' the barn with yees. Here's all the ther goes drivin'. What? Rainin'? An Well, sit ye all down over in the corner

there, an' I'll be thinkin' about it.
Ye'll be mindin' how Dermond, him that they called Dermond o' the Bow, afther Princess Maurya gave him the purse o' gold, slipped out o' the little low door at the back o' King Murdough's castle, an' was off without no more words to no Sure, he was mighty shamed to have been tumbled over by a fat cook like a bag o' fresh ground meal on the floor o' the mill. So he turned toward the hills, an' walked on for many a mile; not lookin' to right nor to left, nor even mindin' that he was still wearin' the cloak o' silver cloth that had brought him ill

little small door behind him; but 'twas nigh on night, an' the shadows runnin' long down the hillside, when he first thought on where his feet might be afther takin'

He'd little heart whatever to be goin back to the Lough o' the Eagle, where his two brothers were livin', to be lettin' them know that he was beaten.

"Nay," said he, "tis far betther to be heedin' Lady Maurya's words: There's far kingdoms, where a stout heart'll find fightin' to be done, an' that's where I'll win me a Princess fairly for me wife."

An' that was brave talkin', for Dermond had neither sword nor shield to his side, but just his long bow an'a little sharp knife for cuttin' up meat.

He thought o' the Little People that had favored Cormac, his father, an' as the moon came up higher he looked to see them under the branches o' the oaks, but they must ha' crept under the fallen acorn cups, for not a red cap could be spy.

At last he put his hand on the trunk o' the fourth tree, an' that was west, an' farther up the valley than he had gone. An' seemin' as if 'twas comin' out o' the wide spreadin' branches or the flutterin o' the leaves, he heard the speakin' of a strange voice in his ears; an' 'twas an old man's, savin'

"Tis time for the plantin' o' my field Heart o' my life, is the seed ready?" An' the one answerin' had the softest voice that had ever been heard o' Dermond. Sure, the tremblin' o' Conan's harp was rough beside it.

"Av. father," 'twas sayin', "an' who comes to sow it? An' when will be the

That shall be known when one comes for hirin'. None may sow that seed but a man without fear o' fortune, an' none may harvest it with doubt in his heart."

Dermond was listenin' hard; but just then a cloud passed across the moon, an the words ended. Long time he waited to hear if that soft voice wasn't speakin' but 'twas no use at all, an' at last he wandered out away from the trees an' into the plain, an' lay down on the open ground an' fell to sleepin' again, for he was weary

This time when he woke, 'twas with more laughin' in his ears, an' the sun shinin' bright as ever. He gripped his bow tight an' sprang to his feet in a great haste, an' there, standin' a little ways off, was a girl all in pale green like the young birch in the heart o' spring, an' the laughin was runnin' over her face like ripphn'

Dermond stgod dumb-foundered, for he had nigh forgot where he was, an' he looked round wonderin' like. Then the girl, that had never stirred

at all from where she was standin', said: 'Tis lost ye are." An' Dermond remembered the night, an

knew that 'was the soft voice o' her that had asked o' the harvestin'. "Nay," said he. "O' my own will came

I here, seekin' fortune " 'An' what like is the fortune that ve

"To find a kingdom where is good fightin' for one with a stout heart an' a strong arm, an' to get me a Princess for me wife, said Dermond

Then the girl laughed again, an' the sound o' that was like wind in the willow "Tis a man's thought, truly an' I doubt

not ye'll find plenty o' Princesses, foldin' their hands an' waitin' to have ve come an' do some fine fighin' to win them. As if that was the bravest sort of actin'. Did ye expect to be afther findin' yer Princess growin' on a bush in this rich kingdom? an' she waved her hand toward the valler "Where she is, there I'll find her; ay. an' win her." answered Dermond.

"Have ye no fear, that ye speak so bold?" "I fear naught between the flyin' clouds above the hills an' the runnin' water under

our feet," answered Dermond. 'An' what man are ye?" asked she. "Dermond o' the Bow am I. Eldest

son o' him who was Cormac without a Kingdom." 'An' for my name, 'tis Etain -daughter o' Dughall the Wise, who dwells beyond

the forest to the west." "An' is there none dwells with him but yerself?" asked Dermond. Why ask ye that?" said Efain.

"Tis time for plantin his field." went on Dermond, hardly knowin' why he said it. An' Etain looked at him mazed like

"How knew ye that, seein' that no man can tell when the hour comes but Dughail himself?

'Twas at moonrise I heard himself say it," answered Dermond "Yonder among the trees."

"Then have ye the favor o' the Little People, for few dare to pass nearby the Four Oaks when the sun is high, far less at moonrise. Will ye come with me to

'Ay, if my fortune lies that way," said

was no more speakin', but just followin', pull. Now twas hard gettin' the plants as she led the way over grass hillocks an' loose, for the roots were deep in the earth into the dark wood. as she led the way or

nigh to trippin' him off his feet, an' once he saw a little red cap under a fern, an' heard the queer laughin', but on he went,

not heedin'.

Afther a time it was in his mind that the trees o' that forest grew in straight rows, as they had been men standin', an'

just then Etain turned and beckoned to him to come leside o' her. An' Dermond was not slow in doin' that. "Are ye wise in speech?" asked she. "No more nor other men," said Der-'Tis well ve're willin' to own it, then,

Are ye stout o' heart?"
"Tis not well for a man to be boastin' as I found to my sorrow, but ready am I to serve ye with two strong arms." "Why would ye serve me?" asked

Etain. "For bein' the fairest maid in the land. "An' If I would ye were a right king's daughter.
"An' if I were?" asked she.
"Then would I win ye fairly.
"An' bein' none?" said she. An' as she spoke her eyes met Dermond's, an' a sudden

spoke her eyes me! Dermond's, an a shuden fire leapt up in his heart.

"Then will I make ye one if there's kingdoms to be won by the strong arm.

At that Finin smiled, well pleased with his manner o' speech, an she said.

"If ye speak as fair as that to Dughall then will be hear small peed only wis. then will ye have small need o' my wis dom. But should need come it shall be for yer helpin', Dermond, son o Cormac An' now, here is my father's house, an' bid ye welcome.

Sure enough, there before them was

But around it was no sign servin' man nor maid at all. The door stood wide open, an' Etain bent her head an' stepped inside, an' Dermond went

hall sat Dughall, the wise. An' his hair was white, an' his long beard rested on his knees. But his eyes were sharp an' he rose as Dermond came near, waitin' "Tis one come to hire for seedin' an' arvestin', Dermond o' the Bow, son o' harvestin'.

ormac, the King, said she Now, Dermond would ha' said nay to hat, for he'd no mind for such work as hat, but her eyes were fair on him, an

that am J." said Dermond

an' tried to do what you may fail in; an' no man has yet sowed that seed or gathered in that harvest, else would there be a rich kingdom where is naught but desert waste." An' how may that be?" asked Der-

hall, most bitterly, "in the day when Olsin, son of Lua, came to this place, an' would match his craft with mine. An' not ben' content with the life that was mine I made content with the life that was mine I made wager that I was stronger. An he overthrew me an laid a spell on all that was mine. An naught could lift it until I held in my hand a grain o' ripe corn, grown on the top o' the mountain yonder. Such o' my men as were willin' to try the sowin' an' harvestin' were spared me for the time, but the others he changed to trees. An as each one failed in the task, he became a tree. For Oisin angered the Little People against me, an' placed them as guards round the base o' the mountain, an none may pass their land in safety. One man alone, Bran, was able to catch them sleepin', an' made his way to the top; but there was no right foothold, an' before the seed was planted he fell an' was never seen more.

"An' well may men call me Dughall the Wise, for I have shown great wisdom an' the torchard near the Miller farm. There was a bullet hole in his back. The body

pointed out where it rose toward the sky; an' it was a terrible steep place, had there been no Little People guardin' it at all. Then Dermond had a thought, an' turned

Dughail.
An what for soldiers had ye? Were An what for solders had yet were they strong in sword fights, or were they betther at bendin' the bow?"

"Betther with the sword, Dermond, son o' Cormac No bowmen had I but ten, an' all were feared o' the Little People an'

an' all were feared o' the Little People an' became trees."

"Ay," said Dermond "Well, 'tis ill thinkin' o' grave matters on an empty stomach, Have ye a bite o' food handy like, seein' that I have fasted many hours?"

Etain laughed at his plight, an' brought him what was to be had roast meal, an' what was to be had roast meal, an' of the contable leaner van keyen and constable leaner van keyen to make the contable leaner van keyen to make the con

he had eaten an' drunk the last crumb an' drop, so that her eyes were wide with wonderin' at his appetite, he went out an' looked again at the top o' the mountain, while Dughall the Wise went back to his seat, while Dighall the wise went back to his seat, expectin' little.

But Etain stayed near Dermond, an' together they went by the feot o' the mountain, but not on the land o' the Little People. Then Dermond measured with his eye, an' saw that the nearest spot to the mountain top was a bit o' high chiff that was on the side o' the neighboring hill.

"Have yo a fine cord!" he asked of Etain.
"How long?" said she.

"How long?" said she.
"To reach from the cliff side to you moun-"Nay." said she, " but I have that which

will serve to make one." An' with that she let down her hair, an' it fell all round

the same with his own hair, cuttin' it where it was longest. An' together they twisted it into a fine, long cord o' black an' gold

"An' now bring me the seed to be sowed."

"That they shall not," said Dermond So he made many arrows of straight tranches, an some of reeds, an he planted seven other grains in the valley below. An' when the time was comin' that the seeds would be sproutin' from the ground

he took his arrows up the cliffside an' se himself to waitin' An' whenever a bird flew near the moun-That is as ye make it for yerself," said Etain; an' for just a moment she stood lookin' at him, an' seein' what a splendid fine strong man be was, with his shinin eyes an' the black hair wavin' far down over his shoulders. An' he looked at her blue eyes an' the rose red bps that laughed whenever she began to think of anythin', there was no more remembers, the finest of trees. But one

whenever she began to think of anythin'.

an' there was no more rememberin' of Princess Maurya, no, nor of the maids that served her, for him.

Then Etain podded her head, an furned an' went over the grass toward the forest so swift that Dermond had all his feet could do to keep pace with her. There was no more sweakly, but just followin'.

The spent on that shelf—havin no mind to be turned into the finest of trees was who would not have him in danger of starvin, an' Eatin was that same.

At last the grain ripened in the valley, an' by that time bermond knew that his time o triumphin was comin'. He called Dughall from the house, an' his voice range out so that we could hat heard it for a mile out so that we could hat heard it for a mile out. Twas more nor one time the roots came the laughin' of the Little People, waitin in

for the rope to break. An' for a moment his strength was naught.

Then he called down to the one who stood

"Mouth o' roses, are ye there?"

"Ay," said Etain.

'Then laugh' Laugh yer sweetest, or I'll fail an' come to ill yet."

An' up rose the laughter, like bells o' gold, an 'the music o' that put the strength o' three into the arms o' Dermond, for no more could be hear the jeerin' o' the Little People.

feil the stalks o' ripe corn, roots an' leaves an' all, at the feet o' Dughall the Wise; an' he caught them up an' held the corn safe in his hand!

And they lived happy ever after ?"
Ever afther An' all because Etain ighed sweeter nor the Little People There's

LONG CHASE AFTER A THIEF. Miller Followed for a Year in a Dozen

States for a Matter of 840. GOSHEN, Oct. 5 .- A warrant was Issued year ago for Frank W. Miller, who was accused of stealing a set of harness worth | said \$40 from Robert Carr of Edenville. Before

could be served be disappeared. The Miller brothers, Frank, John and William, lived with their father, a reputable farmer, near Edenville. Frank had a sweetheart. Susie Babcock of Edenville. A letter that came to her, some weeks later, was postmarked Wurtsboro, N. Y. The clue led to the finding of Miller in the Suiller. clue led to the finding of Miller in the Suill-van county mountains. He was arrested, but escaped from the Warwick lockup. Sheriff Jacob Herman traced him to a little town in eastern Pennsylvania, where he learned that Frank's brother William was also in hiding. Before extradition papers could be secured by the New York authorities, the Millers, who had been joined Pennsylvania town, and for a time all trace

of them was lost.

A watch was then set upon Frank Miller's sweetheart, Susie Babcock. Along in the winter she left home. She was followed to Oakland, W. Va., where she was met by Frank Miller. She evidently warned him, for he fled from Oakland, and the girl returned home. Miller's trail was followed from West Virginia to the Indian Territory, where he again escaped from the officers. He was followed back through

"An' well may men call me Dughall the Vise, for I have shown great wisdom an' set, for I have shown great wisdom an' was a built hole in his back. The body was the lives of strong men."

Well, now, Dermond thought an' thought, ememberin' the laughin' o' the Little People; yet it seemed to him that there hould be a way for him to do the task to be said.

"Where is this mountain?"

"Where is this mountain?"

"There was a builter hole in his back. The body was that of William Miller, Frank's brother. It was he and not Frank that fled from his father's house that night.

Frank Miller was traced later through New Jersey into Pennsylvania again, and up into the hemlock wilderness of the northern part of that State where he escaped from the districtions again. caped from the detectives again, and again covered his trail. Four weeks ago he returned to his father's, and declared openly that he had come back to avenge his brother William. He disappeared, however, before his arrest could be effected, and wastraced to New York city. Last Saturday the aid of the New York police was requested by Sheriff Herman. Detective Byrne located Miller at West Brighton, where he had found employment with a baker. Byrne arrested the long-sought fugitive there last Saturday afternoon caped from the detectives again, and again

istable Isaac Van New York and brought him to Goshen jail The chase after Miller led through twelve States and the Indian Territory. His brother was killed during the course of it.

she let down her hair, an 'i' fell all round her like fair golden silk, reachin' nigh to her feet. An' she caught the little, small knife from the belt o' Dermond an' cut through a great handful of it.

Then Dermond took the knife an' did the same with his own hair, cuttin' it where the same with his own hair, cuttin' it where

and from Egypt, the Egyptian onions being brought over to supplement our own sup-ply in seasons of shortage here. Spanish color.

"An' now bring me the seed to be sowed," said he.

An' this time 'twas Etain sprang to do his biddin' So he drew a straight arrow from the sheaf on his back, an' bound seven grains o' corn to it with the end o' the cord.

The Spanish is a mild onion, there are no transfer of the cord. The spanish is a mild onion, there are no transfer of the cord. The spanish is a mild onion there are no transfer of the cord. The spanish is a mild onion there are no transfer of the cord. The spanish is a mild onion there are no your pleasure?"

The spanish is a mild onion there are no transfer of the cord. The making the control of the cord of The Spanish is a mild onton, there are no from the sheaf on his back, an' bound seven grains of corn for with the end of the cord over to climb the ciff side. Etain following the cord of the ciff side. Etain following the cord of hair an' steaded himself to shoot.

Then Etain called to him, seein' what he was for tryin'.

"That is right wisdom," said Dermond, an' is edid that same, an' twas well he did, for the wind whireful it past the mountain top, an' it broke on a rock below. But when he had shot twice more he had the way o' the wind, an' could allow for it. An' the fourth arrow was the one with the cord the ground aimed it strong an' steaded, and see the face of Etain, an' her eyes were bright with gladness.

Twas not long before he was at her side, leavin the cord with it, but the other end o' that was fast tied to the before he way stone on it to hold it there.

But he would he with a leavy stone on it to hold it there.

But he would he will we made it strong and steady, and sure enough it struck deep into the ground on the mountain top, carryin the cord with it, but the other end o' that was fast tied to the belt of Dermond.

An lookin' down he could see the face of Etain, an' her eyes were bright with gladness.

"Was not look did there."

But he would be said better the should be.

But he would he will we gather the grain? She asked, yet half knowin how it would be.

But he cord that noisi the arrow, said Dermond. So he made to make your arrows, for hear of the place and grabbed for glasses of the place and grabbed for glasses from the cord only with a heavy stone on it to hold it there.

But he would ye gather the grain? She asked, yet half knowin how it would be.

But he cord that noisis the arrow, said Dermond. So he made no make many arrows of strains to more than our imports of onloss arount to a ground and for the way of the wind and the place and grabbed for glasses from the cord only with a heavy stone on it to hold it there.

But he cord that noisis the arrow, said permond.

But he cord that n

From the Pall Musi Gazetie.

An interesting survival of the old-time Carings' was observed at High Wycombe resterday, on the secusion of the Michaelmas Fair According to annual custom, which can be gived back two or three cen-Then the crowd sang "He's a dolly Good full the sang "He'

AN EAST SIDE SALOONKEEPERS CANTASS FOR ALDERMAN.

Shaug (ase)'s Fluancial Obligations and the Way Out - A Night of Free Drinks, Loans and tilery at the Saloon Locbensteln Buys a Pistol the Next Day

Rudolph Loebenstein, who for three years has been good to the patrons of his aloon over on the East Side, not only gave the crowd drinks on credit, but also lent eash in sums of \$1 and \$2. When Saturday night came along Shang Casey called

Every one of de stokers is in on it Put dem wise to de game an tell dem dat I want dem all to 'semble in de back room. We'll run Rudolph for Alderman."

"Dats' my meat," remarked Skinner We'll git de Dutchman's goat." Skinner went into the barroom, calling Buck O'Brien and Kid Levy aside.

Dutchman's life We're goin' ter run him fer Alderman. Is it a go?"

"Sure," said the gang in chorus So eleven of the regular customers gathered in the back room and sent word out to the bar that they needed envelopes and paper and pen and ink. Then they got bill. Issy once worked in a fire insurance office and knows how to write. After struggling for half an hour he produced the following:

GRAND MASS MEETING FORSYTH STREET INDEPENDENT CLUB
for the purpose of indotsing
The Hon BU DELPH LOCKENSTEIN
for Addressen of the Fourth district
Tuesday Evening
At Lockenstein's Hall
FIREWORKS MUSIC REFERSHMENTS

The following well known speakers Will Ad-

dress the Meeting
Hon RI DOLPH LOEBENSTEIN,
Jion P. C. Case;
Hon Mas Kafonkelstein,
Hon Julius Wesenbeimer, and others.

"Is it all right?" asked Issy:
"It's a peach," said the crowd, in chorus
"What's de matter wid Loebenstein?"

What's de matter "He's all right," yelled the crowd. "Who's all right?" asked Casey, a owd answered. asked Casey, and the The saloonkeeper went to the back room to see what the commotion was about and when he entered Casey shouled:

Three cheers for our next Alderman Hip, htp: hurrah!" yelled "Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! said Loebenstein, smiling

un vou for Alderman, an ver got ter take You've been good to der gang, an ve appreciate it We've just held a ter have an indorsement meetin next Fuesday evenin at 8 o'clock sharp. What's de matter wid Loebenstein? He's all

Hurray for de Alderman' yelled the erowd. Hurray:

"Vell, boys." said the saloonkeeper,

"vhen you vill. I suppose you vill, und
vhatever I can do for my friends at any
times I alvays did Come, let's have a

"He's all right"

And they had several rounds of drinks And they had several rounds of diffusers at the expense of the saloonkeeper. Then Casey borrowed \$2 for postage stamps, and a committee of 3 got \$5 on account for arrangements. They spent part of the money in buying drinks, and Loebenstein really believed he was doing a bigger stamp.

business than ever before. Every time they cheered he served a new round. For the next two days Loebenstein slept very little, but drank a great deal, and whenever he drank he invited the boys. to join him At 8 o'clock on Tuesday scribing the manner of the Scripture's trans-night a crowd of several hundred men for But the accounts originally transmitted

"Haben sie Durst?"
"Ach, Gott, ich konnte ein Fass aus-

trinken!"
"Wo ist der Alderman?" "Dot is him mit der wide shirt," is inting to Loebenstein." I am Mr. Loebenstein," explained the saloonkeeper, turning to address the band. "I am him Come gents, vhat is it to be

"Sure," said Loebenstein, "but I t'ought after."

"No, now," argued Casey.

"Come, Louis, said the saloonkeeper, to instruct the local state of the saloonkeeper, to instruct the saloonkeeper, the saloonke

tion of de beginning of de retention of de history involving more danger to our lives and associates dan de struggle against our power for which de great principle of our American institutions immortalized in our Declaration of Independence here ter-might!"

'Hurray! Hurray!' velied the crowd, the same time stamping on the floor. A voice—Three cheers for de Declaration

A voice Three chees
of Independence;
The crowd Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
Gasey—It now gives one great pleasure
ter introduce ter yer, de Honorable Rudolph
Loebenstein, de next Board of Alderman
from de Seventh Sembly, district,

da-da-da. da-da-da' The crowd Hurray! Hurray! Hur-rah-

Skinner, the first broom of the saloon, into the back room and said:

"Hey, Skin, I owe de boss fourteen plunks, but I ain't got a button ter square it. It's putty near election an' I got a wrinkle dat I t'ink'll pan out for all of de nob. France, in the saloon, into the back room and said:

"Mr. Loebenstein, Citizen und feilow men vliich are here to-night it gives me pleasure! Und vhen I am electioneed I viil see dot danger is der safe-guard of legislature in der idea vhich vere adwanced by der concession of der important improvement. which vill not dear in the seconditions imposed upon der concessions of der distinguished consideration antagonized on dose propostions which call for definite improvement in der outstanding practibility which some times are immense expenditure to der citi-zen and county on New York. Und anunder ting. Vhen ve shall reach seven und half plus cent on der taxes of obligation it shall be perpetual! "Three cheers for Perpetual!" yelled

da-da-da-da-da' Loebenstein Und, as I vere saying der tax bill is loudly on der side of der people which in dose days of civilization must be remembered under our fertility of such extraordinary enlightment in dis-regard of der terms of der Constitution to impose no discrimination on Tammany all vhile der judicial opinions introduc-on new problems of der District of Co-

Three cheers for Columbia! shouted

Hurray! Hurrrah" cheered the crowd And Loebenstein kept on talking while the band played "Rolly Round the Flag." The Aldermanic candidate grew red in the face and shouted and became excited, and played and the fouder the crowd shouted. When he finally sat down exhausted Casey proposed three cheers for the Alderman, and they were given with a will. Then the "Alderman" ordered up two more kegs of beer and produced a box filled with sandwiches. And while the crowd drank Casey whispered to Skinner:

"Hey, Skin, let me touch him for ten first, and you fellers kin hit him for \$5 apiece when I get t'rough. We kin pull his leg for two more meetin's if he don't git wise to de game."

Then Casev borrowed \$10 from Loet enstein for campaign purposes, and the others got in line and borrowed smaller amounts. They told Lochenstein that he would have to see Martin Engel the next day about getting the leader's indorsement, and a Committee of 3 was appointed to colline Engel.

on Wednesday morning Loebenstein had called on Engel, who informed him that it was only a joke, and that the Tamman's slate had already been fixed up without Mr. Loebenstein's name on it. The crowd Mr Loebenstein's name on it. The crowd heard that night that Loebenstein had bought a second-hand pistol in a Bowery pawn shop, so they have kept away from the place since. Now they are anxious to know whether Loebenstein intends to

New Jersey farmers are complaining of the damage done by blackbirds. They descend upon a cornfield in large flockand open the ears with their sharp bills. The rain and dews then rot the grain that the birds do not eat. The loss is Many birds are shot daily

China during the campaign, received the Lama Scripture preserved in the Yong-ho-New York and brought him to Goshen jail. The chase after Miller led through twelve states and the Indian Territory His brother was killed during the course of it. The harness Miller stole was worth \$40.

NEW YORK'S OXION SIPPLY.

Some From Bermuda, Some From Spain, and Some From Far-Away Egypt.

"Nowadays," said a wholesale dealer in produce, "we get early onions, just as we do many other early vegetables, from the South; importing also some from Bermuda. In the old times our regular stock supply of onions came largely from Connecticul and New York State, and from these two States we still get many, but nowadays, excepting those of the grain belt, there is not a State in the I nion but produces more or less onions imported from Bermuda we import also onions from Spain, "Haben sie Durst?"

"Haben sie Durst?"

whenever he drank he invited the boys angle a crowd of several hundred mentage to join him At 8 o'clock on Tuesday in the sainty and from the produce and American flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of several hundred mentage to join him At 8 o'clock on Tuesday in the jointy of the saloon, to joint and American flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of several hundred mentage to jointy flags in from the said of the sailon. The course of it.

The harness Miller led through twelve hundred mentage to be an all and American flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of several hundred mentage that for the saloon, from the sail and American flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of men were shouting.

"Three cheers for our next Alderman What's de matternal flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of men were shouting.

"Three cheers for our next Alderman What's de matternal flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of supplied the volumes as sufficiently a produce and taking the particle were not of a Character to suggest ordinary giving and taking the But character."

The new bartender, who had been hired for the new

Travellers' Buide.

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Victoria, Oct 10, 16AM | Deutschland, Oct 31. PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—HAMBURG
PAITING Oct. 12.5 AM Pretoria. Nov. 9.3
Addersee, Oct. 19.8 AM Phembiela, Nov. 16.4
Palatia. Oct. 26.3 PM Patricta, Nov. 26.2
Penus'a Nov. 2, 930 AM Waldersee, Nov. 30.8

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